WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 33. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1801. WHOLE NO. 657.

RAYMOND CASTLE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

WHEN he had reached the thickeſt part of the wood, he threw himſelf on the graſs, and drawing the miniature from his pocket, he gazed on it with the moſt earneſt attention, and gave himſelf up to painful and tormenting conjecture. From this reverie he was arouſed by the emphatic ejaculation—"Thank Almighty God, I have found him!" Suddenly raiſing his eyes, he ſaw before him his foſter-father, who, on miſſing him in the village, had, at the requeſt of his mother, purſued him. The old man, perceiving that his ſon looked coldly on him, eagerly enquired, with tears in his eyes, if he was not glad to ſee him.

"O, yes," ſaid Glanville, ſtarting from his reverie, and aſſuming a cheerful countenance, "that I am! Never did thy preſence glad my ſight ſo much as at this moment: for thou art come, my father, to clear my mind of doubts that ſhake my peace, and, like a poiſonous canker, deſtroy the bud of happineſs. Either my ſuſpicions have made me the moſt ungrateful wretch alive, or they prove me the moſt injured of mankind.—Speak, ſay, who was my father? Nay, do not ſhrink thus from the queſtion, but as thou hopeſt for mercy hereafter, tell me who my parents were; for there have ariſen circumſtances which might perſuade a ſtronger mind to think myſelf of higher birth than my preſent fortune ſpeaks me."

"I know not how to anſwer," ſaid the trembling Jolet, (ſuch was the peaſant's name) "yet do I well know thou art no ſon of mine."

"How then did I come beneath thy roof? Thou didſt not ſurely ſteal me, Jolet? Thou couldſt never be ſo cruel, to rob the doating mother of her tender charge, or tear from the anxious parent's fond embrace the pledge of conjugal felicity?

"O, no, my ſon, for in affection thou art ſtill my ſon, theſe hands were never engaged in theft. From every diſhoneſt act I am as pure as thou wert when an helpleſs infant, and ſmiling in the ruffian's face, I ſnatched thee from his uplifted dagger.

"Ha!" murder! O, my ſoul ſickens at the very thought!—But tell me all thou knoweſt of my life; by what myſterious workings of Providence thou ſaveſt me from intended murder, with every circumſtance that lives within thy memory.

"The tale is very ſhort, my ſon, nor has it eſcaped my recollection. Returning from the borders of England, where I had been with a herd of cattle, and ſomewhere, and near the ſpot we now reſt on, I ſat me down to take refreſhment, and while thus employed, I ſaw a man with ſome thing in his arms glide among the trees. Apprehending him to be one of the numerous banditti which at that time lurked in theſe parts, I crept, unperceived, behind a thicket, hoping to eſcape his obſervation; but I had ſcarce reached my hiding place when he approached, and with much gentleneſs laid what he held in his arms on the graſs, and unfolded the mantle, which I perceived contained an infant. From the ruffian's manner, I thought his buſineſs was to murder it; and yet he heſitated, ſighed heavily, and kiſſed the babe, which all this time lay ſtretching its little limbs and ſmiling in his face. At length, plucked up as it was a determined reſolution, he drew from his boſom a dagger, and at the moment when he had thrown remorſe aſide, and was prepaired to ſtrike, I ruſhed from my ambuſh,—ſeized his uplifted arm,—and ſnatched the weapon from his trembling hand. Without ſpeaking, he inſtantly darted into the thickeſt part of the foreſt, while I raiſed the infant in my arms, and haſtened on my journey, taking a different road than was uſually travelled, to eſcape purſuit, and, thank God! reached my cottage in ſafety. Never ſhall I forget the tranſport of Cicely when I gave thee to her, for we had no children: ſhe hugged thee to her breaſt with as much fondneſs as if thou wert indeed her own, and brought thee up, Glanville, with as much care."

"And never, my dear father, for I will ſtill call thee ſo," ſaid Glanville, "will I forget the debt I owe my mother and yourſelf." He then related to the aſtoniſhed Jolet the adventure of the preceding night, and informed him of his intention to reviſit the caſtle after the cloſe of day.—The honeſt peaſant, alarmed for his ſafety, propoſed accompanying him, but Glanville would by no means conſent. He conducted him to the cottage at which he himſelf had been in the morning, and obtained leave of the good people to accommodate Jolet for the night, intending to return in the morning and purſue his journey to the Britiſh camp, which was a ſhort diſtance from this place.

The reſt of the day, though relieved by the converſation of Jolet, appeared to Glanville extremely tedious, and he hailed, with no ſmall degree of pleaſure, the arrival of the moment in which he was to return to the caſtle.

Though Glanville perſiſted in his refuſal to Jolet's requeſt of paſſing the night with him, he could not object to his accompanying him part of the way. This requeſt Glanville acceded to, in order to quiet the mind of his foſter-father, which appeared to ſuffer greater agitation than even his own. Farther than the moat, however, he would not permit him to advance; here he took a ſolemn farewell of him for the night; and Jolet, with reluctance returned to the hovel, while Glanville entered the ſolitary caſtle.

His entrance of this deſerted manſion was marked by the ſame diſturbance as occurred the evening before; nor had it leſs effect on his mind, which, notwithſtanding the fortitude it had aſſumed, was conſiderably agitated. As before, he aſcended the ſteps, and reached the ſame apartment in which he ſlept. The ſilence of the place, which was interrupted only by the ſtated cries of the bittern, and the ſcreams of the hoodwinked bird of night, increaſed the palpitation of his heart. He felt unuſual tremblings, and, but his limbs ſeemed to forget their accuſtomed office, he would willingly have re-trod his former ſteps, and fled the horrid ſpot. He was rivetted to the place, and, however willing, he was unable to move. A few minutes' reflection reſtored him to himſelf, and his mind became invigorated from the conſciouſneſs of ſelf-rectitude. He employed the intervening time in a ſolemn addreſs to the divine Being for ſtrength and ſupport in the approaching hour that was to diſcloſe, he believed, a moſt important ſecret, a ſecret in which his fate was materially involved. Scarcely had he finiſhed his pious ejaculations, and riſen from his ſupplicating poſture, than a violent guſt of wind ruſhed through the apartment; this was ſucceeded by a ſimilar noiſe to that he had heard in the morning.

With breathleſs impatience he turned his eyes towards the door, and trembling waited the ſpectre's approach. With ſlow and ſolemn pace entered the room; its figure and dreſs exactly correſponded with the miniature, and, ere it ſpoke, Glanville knew it was the form of the late Baron.

"Diſmiſs thy fears, brave youth," ſaid the ſpectre, in a hollow ſounding voice, "for innocence like thine has nought to dread. I come to confirm the ſuſpicions that hang on thy mind, and to tell thee that in this mangled form, thou beholdeſt the ſhadow of him who was once the owner of this deſerted manſion, the Lord of Raymond's wide domains. The wretch who now holds that title, obtained it by the foul crime of murder! yes by murder of his deareſt friend; and, the blow that deprived me of life and fortune, robbed thee, my boy, of a father!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Glanville, "then are my ſuſpicions confirmed indeed!—But how did he effect this cruel deed?"

"My murderer was the ſon of my only brother, and having at an early age loſt his parent, I took him under my protection, and well ſupplied the loſs he had ſuſtained. The feuds that broke out between the neighboring nations, and kindled up the flames of war, urged me to the hoſtile plain. My ungrateful nephew was my attendant, whoſe ſanguine mind, heated by ambition, and panting to enjoy thoſe honors, which by right of birth were mine, amidſt the contending ſhock of arms, aimed an arrow at my breaſt. Too certain was the aim, too ſure my fall. With well diſſembled grief he mourned my fate, and paid to my remains a ſoldier's funeral honors; yet ere theſe obſequies were done, he diſpatched a ruffian to my widowed love, with commiſſion to diſcloſe my death, and, under that pretence, to ſeal his title to my fortunes, by ſending her and thee, her new born ſon, to bear me company in the gloomy confines of the grave."

"And was my mother murdered too?" interrupted the agitated and impatient Glanville.

"The ſudden news of her huſband's fate, ſpared the murderer's intended purpoſe. She ſurvived not the melancholy tidings. Thus far fortune favored his curſed deſign, and thou alone remained the obſtacle to ſtop his guilty progreſs. But even this difficulty, his genius, fertile in miſchief, ſurmounted. Such of the ſervants whom he ſuſpected of too ſtrong an attachment to their deceaſed Lord, he found means to diſcharge, and then introducing thoſe more friendly to his intereſt, he gave thee to a ruffian, with ſtrong injunctions to deſtroy thy life, and, the better to conceal this willful murder, conveyed a deceaſed infant to thy,

cradle. This part of his infernal plot succeeded to his wishes! all believed thy death was natural; but here the arm of Heaven interposed, and snatched thee from the murderer's grasp, who, disappointed in the prosecution of his horrid purpose, betmearing his hands with blood, returned to claim the promised bounty, and confirmed thy death with horrid oaths and dreadful imprecations. What follows, thou thyself art well acquainted with. Now listen, my son, to thy father's charge. Hasten hence to join the forces of the British king, to whom the name of Raymond is well known. In the adverse army thou wilt meet thy father's murderer; hunt him through every rank, he will fall beneath thy conquering sword; yet spare his hated life, till, in the presence of the royal Edward, he has confessed the crime that clogs his guilty soul. Fear not the justice of the English monarch; he will place thee in the possession of thy family's honors and estates, and thus appease the manes of thy departed sire. Do this, my son, as thou hopest for future happiness, and revere the memory of thy murdered friends."

The shadow then glided from his sight, and the trembling Glanville, unsheathed his sword, and pressing it to his lips, said,--"And this I swear to do, or may I never receive my birth-right; may ceaseless poverty be my lot--disgrace and infamy my portion."

[To be continued.]

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING UGLY,

A GIRL was on the point of being hanged at Vienna. Her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and, declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon. According to the custom of the country, the pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. He accordingly addressed her in these terms, "Madam, I am a gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a King, only that I might afford you a stronger proof of my attachment."--"Alas, sir," replied the girl, "I am thoroughly sensible of your affection and generosity; but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my own sentiments. Unfortunately they control my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are." The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

FEMALE HEROISM,

A CHINESE Emperor, pursued by the victorious forces of a patriot of inferior rank, to extricate himself, had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence, carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer, with a sabre in his hand, was dispatched to the mother of the victor, with a command from the Emperor, on pain of death, to order her son to disband his troops. Disdainfully smiling, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred, convention, between the people and their sovereigns, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the Emperor who has first violated this treaty----and thou, vile tool of a tyrant, learn in such a case, from a woman, what is due to thy country." Then, snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave! (said she, as the blood flowed from the wound) if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son----Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper----He has now no caution to observe on the account of his mother---He is at liberty to be virtuous."

THE FEMALE DRESS.

THE new Pope has directed his attention to the looseness of the female dress; and has actually issued a bull against it. To this disorder he ascribes all the evils which has afflicted Europe, and depressed the church. He says, "the eye of a christian can nowhere turn itself without encountering, abashed, the display of seductive charms, in public and private; nay the very temples are profaned by these indecencies."

The Bull goes on to state, "that all priests, confessors, overseers, church wardens, and others, will in no wise admit such delinquents to the holy supper; that they shall not allow women improperly dressed, to enter the church; and if they come they shall be driven out; and if they resist, the higher powers shall be required to lend their aid."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO AMYNTOR,

On hearing him declare, that a life unrestricted by moral duties, and devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, must be a happy one.

GIVE me, the son of Comus cries,
A merry life, tho' 'tis but short,
Let ev'ry hour, as on it flies,
Be wing'd with pleasure and with sport!

Deluded man! and canst thou dream
That Riot's sons are ever blest?
Can lawless love, or midnight bowls,
Convey such rapture to the breast?

Ah, no! for ev'n in Pleasure's arms
They feel the sting of keen remorse,
And pointing home with all its pangs,
Stern Recollection aids its force.

Can he, whose folly wastes the hours
For Virtue's use by Heaven design'd,
Lost to each gen'rous manly thought,
E'er hope fair Virtue's meed to find?

Or shall the rely power of health
E'er string his nerves, or brace his frame?
Or honor's voice awake his soul
To taste the pleasure of true fame?

Shall e'er the son of Riot feel
The self-approving conscious glow,
Which proudly swells the breast of him
Who feels---who aids another's woe?

No---these to Virtue's train belong,
For Happiness does her attend;
Tho' peaceful, inobtrusive, calm,
She still is Virtue's constant friend.

The pallid cheek, the wasted form,
Which Folly's votaries ever own,
Betray within the deadly bane,
Betray the work of death begun.

Of atrophy the victim pale,
Behold the man of pleasure now!
Can the remembrance of his joys
Bestow one smile to smooth his brow!

Early he seeks the grave's dark shade---
Nor warm Affection's bursting tear,
Nor Friendship's sigh, nor filial love,
To sooth his parting soul appear.

Unwept---unmourn'd his ashes lie,
And soon Oblivion clouds his name;
He liv'd but for himself alone,
Nor merits the reward of Fame.

And this, AMYNTOR! this is bliss,----
This is the life thou long'st to prove!
Be wise,---nor, when too late, repent
That e'er thou did'st from Virtue rove.

May 27, 1801. CLARA.

ON WAR.

From the Poetical Works of the late St. John Honeywood.

YET war we deprecate; full well we know
From that curst source what dire misfortunes flow:
Fast by the laurel wreath thee cypress twines,
And the heart sickens while the victor shines;
Where now the hamlet smoulders in the dust,
New spires may rise more splendid than the first;
Exhausted wealth brisk commerce may restore,
The fosse may fill the mound with grass grown o'er;
Where armies fought may yellow harvests wave,
And crops luxuriant hide the soldier's grave;
This time affects, nor boots it to complain,
Where time can mend, or industry regain.
But who shall pierce the cheerless realms of gloom,
And rouse the sleeping warrior from his tomb?
Who to the widow'd heart shall comfort speak,
And with fresh roses flush the faded cheek;
To the lorn maid her slaughter'd swain restore,
And bid th' unsheltered orphan weep no more?

GALLANTRY.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil in one less fair;
In you it hides a killing grace,
And you, in pity, plac'd it there.

DRUNKENNESS.

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honor falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company.

Bonosus, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man but a bottle.

GAIETY IN RELIGION.

THE ancients made religion a pleasure: they roasted a kid and emptied a pouch of wine in honor of their gods; they left it to their Stoic and Cynic philosophers to preach self-denial and mortification. Opinions are now reversed, our priests recommend austerity and our philosophers inculcate libertinism. Some attempts have however been made to render modern religion cheerful and amusing. An odd one is recorded in Latocnaye's Rambles. A sect has been formed at Edinburgh, says he, since my former visit to this place, which effects to oppose the gloom of Puritanism, and which maintains that God is best honored by the gaiety and happiness of his creatures. Its psalms are set to opera tunes, the congregation join jollily in chorus, and at the end of the anthem very piously and seriously burst into a peal of laughter.

THE NOSE.

A TURK took it into his head to get married: he solicited the hand of the daughter of a friend.------Now, it must be remembered, that in Turkey, men marry before they have seen the lady; and for her beauty they must rely on that goddess, or rather that monster, Fame.

Moreover, the bridegroom had received from Nature an enormous nose, under the shade of which one half of his face was protected from the rays of the sun.---The marriage was celebrated, and the lady consigned to his arms; but, instead of a beauty, as his imagination had painted her, he found himself in possession of a woman hideously ugly. Such was his despair, that he informed his bride he could never bear her.

"And yet," answered the lady, "it might not be a difficult task."

"How so?" enquired the husband.

"Why," rejoined she, "by the same necessary conduct which has enabled you to bear your nose in the middle of your face!"

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

FREDERICK, the famous Duke of Saxony, was playing at chess in his tent with his cousin and fellow prisoner the Landgrave of Lithenberg, when a writ was brought him, signed by the Emperor, for his execution the next morning, in the sight of his wife and children, and the whole city of Wirtemburgh. Having carefully perused it he laid it down as a paper of no concern, and saying to the Landgrave, "Cousin, take good heed to your game," returned to his play, and gave him a check-mate.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE's nothing so common as pretences to friendship though few know what it means, and fewer yet come up to its demands. By talking of it, we set ourselves off, but when we enquire into it, we see our defects; and when we heartily engage in it, we must charge through abundance of difficulties.

Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens our cares, softens our sorrows, and assists us in extremities: It is a sovereign antidote against calamities.

ANECDOTE.

Cardinal Richelieu asked Dr Lort, his favorite physician, why the hair of his head was grey whilst that of his jaws was black? "It is, my Lord," replied he, "because your Eminence makes more use of your head than of your jaws."

SONNET TO THE GOUT.

'TIS strange that thou should'ſt leave the downy bed,
The Turkey carpet, and the ſoft ſettee;
Should'ſt leave the board with choiceſt dainties ſpread,
To fix thy odious reſidence with me.

'Tis ſtrange that thou, attached to plenteous eaſe,
Should'ſt leave thoſe dwellings for a root like mine,
Where plaineſt meals keen appetite appeaſe,
And where thou wilt not find---one drop of wine.

'Tis paſſing ſtrange;---yet ſhould'ſt thou perſevere,
And rack theſe bones with agonizing pangs,
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,
And teach the affluent how to blunt thy fangs.

Yes---ſhould'ſt thou viſit me, capricious Gout.
Hard fate ſhall be thy lot---I'll ſtarve thee out!

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1801.

During the violent thunder-guſt on Monday evening, one of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, with fourteen paſſengers was upſet; and, before any aſſiſtance could reach them from the ſhore, ſeven were drowned. We have not been able to learn the names of all the unfortunate perſons; but it is with regret we add, that Mr CHARLES HOLMES, a reſpectable merchant of this city, is among the number.

During the tempeſt, the barracks on Gibbet Iſland were blown down without any perſon receiving any injury. At Ellis's Iſland a houſe, in which were two men and a boy, was blown down; one of the men, named Jacob Pownall, was killed on the ſpot; the other man was very badly hurt: but the boy eſcaped without injury.

On Monday afternoon, a large ſack, containing to appearance, ſomething bulky, was obſerved floating in one of Rhinelander's docks, on the North-River. After ſome conſiderable time, curioſity led one of the bye-ſtanders to examine it; when, to the ſurprize and horror of a number preſent, it was found to contain the body of a man, with both legs and one arm cut off, and in other ways ſhockingly bruiſed. A Jury of inqueſt ſat upon the body, verdict, "ſuppoſed to have died a natural death, but opened for ſurgical information."

The ſhip Brutus, Capt. Bunker, arrived at this port, in 30 days from Briſtol, brings London papers to the 2nd ult.

Matters of high political importance at preſent agitate the old world. The affair at Copenhagen has been followed up by an armiſtice of fourteen weeks, with an addition of two weeks notice in caſe hoſtilities ſhould unfortunately be renewed. By this proclaſtination Denmark will poſſeſs itſelf of the ſentiments of the new Emperor of Ruſſia reſpecting the Confederacy, and will govern herſelf accordingly.

Letters received from Malta aſſert, that General Abercrombie, attacked at the ſame time by the garriſon of Alexandria, and by General Menou, in perſon, who fell upon the left of the enemy, with more than ten thouſand men, and 30 pieces of artillery, has been completely routed, according to theſe letters 3000 Engliſh remained on the field of battle; and 900, cut off by the French cavalry, were made priſoners. General Abercrombie is among the number of the latter. This is ſaid to have taken place on the 20th March. [Paris paper.

ALBANY, May 21.

Ezra L'Hommedieu is elected Senator for the Southern Diſtrict.

Jacobus S. Bruyn, James G. Graham, and Peter A. Van Bergen, are elected Senators for the Middle Diſtrict.

From St. Sebaſtians, April 16.

Capt. Wadſworth informs, that a French army had entered Spain, on its march to invade Portugal; and had arrived in the vicinity of St. Sebaſtians---

☞ The laſt Paris papers mention the march of the Army of Obſervation towards Bayonne. [Boſt. paper.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

DEDHAM, May 19.

Yeſterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was called, with a great number of others, to behold the moſt tragic, the moſt melancholy and heart rending ſcene, that the plains of this Village, or perhaps that the hiſtoric page ever recorded, as a leſſon of the mutability, the frailty and final diſſolution of human nature! And though painful the taſk, which devolves on me firſt to record; it is hoped it will not be received with any diſreſpect, but a ſympathetic effuſion with the parents and others, more deeply intereſted in the melancholy tranſaction.---A Mr SAXON FAIRBANKS, whoſe age is about 21 years, and a Miſs ELIZABETH FALES, of reſpectable families, both born and had lived near the centre of this town, had for a conſiderable time entertained an attachment towards each other---But it ſeems ſome obſtacles had been in their way, either to an union in marriage, or to a tranquil enjoyment of their courtſhip. They had this day met it ſeems, by agreement in a thicket of Birches, about 100 rods from her father's houſe, where they had frequently met before, to come (as he ſays) to a final determination. What particulars here paſſed between them, previous to the commiſſion of this tragic acts, are uncertain.---But, to the horror and conſternation of her parents, and the ſympathizing grief of every one ſuſceptible of the paſſions of humanity, about the time of day above mentioned, he came to their houſe, all reaking with blood, and holding out, at the ſame time a knife, yet warm with the crimſon, to ſome one of the family!---with which he ſaid, Eliza had killed herſelf, and that ſhe then lay dead in the birches (pointing to the ſpot) and that he had attempted to do the ſame with himſelf, but was unable! The amazement, the heart diſtracting anguiſh, which ſeized on the parents brothers and ſiſters of the hapleſs victim at ſuch a ſight and relation, can better be conceived than deſcibed. Her companion, though he had walked to the houſe, had his own throat cut, with various ſtabs with the ſame knife in his breaſt, bowels, &c. yet this morning, 8 o'clock, (May 19) we hear, he is ſtill alive, but in a moſt deplorable ſituation.

LONDON, April 21.

We announced in the Courier of yeſterday the arrival of Colonel Stewart with diſpatches from Copenhagen, containing an account of an armiſtice having been concluded with Denmark. Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the intelligence was communicated to the Lord Mayor in the following letter from Earl St Vincent:

"MY LORD,

"I have the honor to acquaint your Lordſhip, that the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart arrived this day, with diſpatches from Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, containing the terms of an armiſtice concluded with the Daniſh Government on the 9th inſtant, by which it is agreed, that no act of hoſtility ſhall be committed by either party on the coaſt of the different iſlands and provinces of Denmark and Jutland, for the ſpace of fourteen weeks; and fourteen days notice to be given before hoſtilities are re-commenced. The Court of Demark has agreed to ſuſpend, during that period, her co-operation under the Treaty of the armed Neutrality.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord,
"Your Lordſhip's humble ſervant,
"ST. VINCENT."

"Admiralty, April 20.

THEATRE.

Mr. HALLAM, Jun.'s BENEFIT.

On MONDAY evening, will be preſented, a Comedy in 5 acts, called,

The Wiſe Man of the Eaſt.

To which will be added, a much admired Farce, in three acts, called,

The Midnight Hour.

The whole to conclude with a grand Pantomime; in one act, called,

Medea and Jaſon;

OR THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

With New Muſic, by Mr. Hewit.

This beautiful Spectable repreſents the remarkable parting between Medea and Jaſon when he quits the Sorcereſs, on his marriage with Creuſa, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth---The POISONED NOSEGAY, by which Creuſa is kill'd---The palace fired---The dreadful ſtorm, with loud thunder that accompanies the ſhower of fire through which Medea appears on a Triumphal Platform, with her two children, in the preſence, and juſt before the death of Jaſon, attended by her furies.

COURT of HYMEN.

OF all man's bliſs on earth, there's none ſo great
As that which flows from Wedlock's hallow'd ſtate;
When objects worthy and congenial join,
And in the nuptial bands their ſouls entwine---
But when, thro' force or int'reſt they unite,
Farewell to peace and conjugal delight.

MARRIED,

On Thurſday evening, laſt week, by the Rev. Dr Kunzie, Mr. C. MEIER, merchant, to Miſs ELIZA C. KUNZIE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Abeel, STEPHEN VAN CORTLANDT, Eſq. to Miſs JANE BEEKMAN, eldeſt daughter of James Beekman, Eſq. of this city.

On Sunday laſt, at Hempſtead, by the Rev. Mr Hart, Mr CARMAN RETTIMORE, to Mrs RUTH PAINE, both of that place.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr Beach, Mr WILLIAM I. GUEST, to Miſs JULIAN PRIEST, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Pilmore, Mr WILLIAM DYKE, to Miſs MARY EARL, both of this city.

On Friday the 8th inſt. at Baltimore, Mr M. H. DUVAL, of Prince-George County, aged ſeventeen, to Mrs. ALLEN, aged fifty, widow of the late Zachariah Allen, Eſq. of Baltimore.

Sure 'tis a wiſe and happy change of life,
To get, at once, a mother and a wife.

State Road Lottery, No. III.

TICKETS regiſtered and examined at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

☞ A few Tickets yet for ſale.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 114 Maiden-Lane.

The ſubſcribers and others are reſpectfully informed, that, by the late arrivals, the new publications of celebrity, eſpecially Novels, Magazines, Regiſters, Reviews, &c. are received, and added to the former collection.

May 30. W. BARLAS.

TWO DOLLARS REWARD.

Run away from the ſubſcriber, on Saturday the 9th inſt. an Apprentice Lad, named JOHN SPILLARD, aged about 15 years, 5 feet two inches high, ſtout built, of light complexion and light hair. Had on when he went away a nankeen jacket and grey woolen trowſers. Whoever takes up ſaid Apprentice, and ſecures him, ſo that his maſter may get him again, ſhall be entitled to the above reward and all reaſonable charges.

JAMES WINCHELL, jun.
Baker, No. 76 George-ſtreet.

NB. Maſters of veſſels are forbid carrying him off, and all perſons harboring him, at their peril. May 30.

JOHN G. BOGERT

Has removed his Office of Notary Public and Tranſlator to No 120 Water-Street, next door to the Tontine Coffee Houſe. May 9, 1801.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON's

OF THE

Famous Scots Pills.

☞ A freſh ſupply juſt received.

BOOKS,

For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

A NEW TREATISE
ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSIC,
By Dr. JOSEPH YOUNG, M. D.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

STAMPED PAPER

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-ſlip.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE ETERNAL SCOLD.

FRIEND haft thou never heard old ocean roar,
When the black tempeft hovers big with fear---
Tempeftuous dafh'd againft the rocky fhore,
Its hoarfe refounding fills the aftonifh'd ear?

Or haft thou never heard loud thunders crack,
Swift fkim the lightnings 'long the liquid fky,
When fome vaft oak becomes the mighty wreck,
In thoufand fragments fcatter'd far and nigh?

The whelp-robb'd tygrefs haft thou never met?
Nor trac'd the furies of her angry mien?
Nor the fell lion, when with toils befet,
His hideous roaring's heard---his eye-balls feen?

If not, friend come to me---my houfe difplays
All thefe and ev'ry monfter more: For there
Bulls bellow, dragons hifs, the wild afs brays,
Owls hoop, frogs croak, and growls the ugly bear.

Drums, trumpets, hurricanes abound;
Storms, tempefts, earthquakes, in perpetual ftrife;
Fiends, furies, hell itfelf, may here be found,
In one ftrange creature---that's my own dear WIFE.

SONG.

IN the glitter of wealth let the Mifer find eafe,
A ftranger to love and content;
In the pure arms of Virtue each care I appeafe,
And o'er her fweet breaft to my forrows give vent.

However Misfortune may fpread her black fnare,
And wrap her fad victim in grief,
Still Virtue will make the woe lighter to bear;
And from Virtue he'll foon meet the fweeteft relief.

Oh, liften, ye mortals! 'tis Prudence dictates;
Your actions by her ever guide:
In the manfion of fplendor dull Care often waits,
And 'tis not the abode where Content doth refide.

INGREDIENTS TO MAKE A MODERN BEAU.

TWO tons of pride and impudence;
Two fcruples next of modefty and fenfe.
Three grains of truth; of falfehood and deceit,
And infincerity, an hundred weight.
Difcretion, half a dram; a pound of folly;
An ounce of flattery, and half a ton of courtefy,
Infufe into the fkull of flafhy wit,
And empty nonfenfe, quantum fufficit,
To make the compofition quite complete,
Throw in th' appearance of a grand eftate.

ANECDOTE.

A Lady whofe beauty was very much upon the decline, having fent her picture to a gentleman who was to come a wooing her, bid her chamber maid, when fhe came to dreft her, take care in repairing her decays a little, or fhe fhould not look like her picture. "I warrant you, Madam," fays fhe, laying on her Bavarian red, "a little art made your picture like you; now a little of the fame art fhall make you like your picture;---your picture muft fit you."

MATTHEW ROTHERY,

House, Ship and Shop Joiner and Turner,
No. 46 Diviſion-ſtreet.

TAKES this method of informing his old cuſtomers, and the public in general, that he has returned again to New-York, and ſolicits their future favors. All orders will be punctually attended to.

NB. Printing Preſſes made and repaired, and every article neceſſary in a Printing Office expeditiouſly and neatly executed, on reaſonable terms. May 7.

FOR SALE,

TWO LOTS OF GROUND at the head of Second-ſtreet, 25 feet in front and rear, and 87 1-2 feet deep, bounded by the ground of Alexander M'Grigor. For particulars enquire at No. 50 Broad-ſtreet. March 21.

JOURNEYMEN CABINET MAKERS

Wanted, and the higheſt wages given for good workmen, at No. 85 John-ſtreet, May 9. 54-tf

MORALIST.

COULD we draw back the covering of the tomb! could we ſee, what thoſe are now who once were mortal, Oh! how would it ſurprize and grieve us, to behold the prodigious tranſformation that has taken place on every individual; grieve us to obſerve the diſhonor done to our nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous lodgments! Here, the ſweet and winning aſpect, that wore perpetually an attractive ſmile, grins horribly a naked------ghaſtly ſkull. The eye that outſhone the diamond's luſtre, and glanced her lovely lightening into the moſt guarded heart; Alas! where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling ſparkler? How are all thoſe radient glories totally---totally eclipſed! The tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this ſtrange land "has forgot its cunning" Where are now thoſe ſtrains of melody, which raviſhed our ears? where is that flow of perſuaſion, which carried captive our judgments? The great maſter of language and of ſong, is become ſilent as the night that ſurrounded him.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Morning ſchool for Young Ladies, between the hours of 6 and 8, will be opened on the 4th inſtant, at No. 10 Peck-ſlip, where fourteen or fifteen may be taught the uſe of the Artificial Globes, in Geography and Aſtronomy, and the ſcientific principles of the Engliſh Language, and other ſciences if required.

A DAY SCHOOL

Is now opened at the ſame place, where Navigation with the Double Altitudes, and Lunar Obſervations, Land Surveying by calculation and interſection, Menſuration of inacceſſible heights and diſtances, Optics, Pneumatics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, &c. will be taught to ſuch as make application, and comply with the diſcipline of the ſchool. For further particulars enquire at the above mentioned place, or at this office. May 2.

Shakſpeare Gallery,

NEAR THE THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

THIS Exhibition conſiſts of a great number of elegant and celebrated PRINTS, executed by the firſt artiſts in Europe, illuſtrative of the moſt intereſting ſcenes in SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Alſo a variety of colored prints, iſſued monthly in London, under the title of the GALLERY OF FASHION, repreſenting the Ladies Faſhionable Dreſſes.

The Shakſpeare Gallery alſo contains among ſeveral other valuable Paintings, a capital whole length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

large as life, as taken by the celebrated STEWART.

The proprietor has been at great expence in getting up this exhibition; and the approbation with which he has been honored by Ladies and Gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed taſte, juſtifies him in recommending it to public patronage.

The price of admiſſion is put ſo low as ONE SHILLING, to encourage a frequency of viſits; and, as an inducement to ſuch repetition, the EXTRA Prints and Paintings are ſo varied as to furniſh a conſtant ſucceſſion of NOVELTY.

NB. The Gallery is lighted every evening when fair weather. March 21.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For ſale by John Harriſſon, Peck-ſlip.

POEMS,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
by
PHILIP FRENEAU.

JAMES ALWAYS

Wiſhes to inform his cuſtomers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James-ſtreet, where may be had, Windſor Chairs of every deſcription, both plain and fancy colors. He likewiſe informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs, when re-painted, and he will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green or any fancy color, in the beſt manner, at a very low price. February 26, 3m 44

Book and Stationary Store.

For Sale by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip, an extenſive aſſortment of

Books and Stationary.

Novels,

MORDAUNT, by the author of Zeluco,
Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d' Varmont, or the Neceſſary Divorce,
Louiſa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Ambroſe and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg.
Galatea, a Paſtoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Couſins,
Ambroſio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Eſq;
Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette.
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation,
Ormond, or the Secret Witneſs. Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla. Romance of the Foreſt. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonſalvo of Cordova, Arundal,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baronets, Pamela,
Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Follies,
Inquiſitor, or Inviſible Rambles, Fool of Quality,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Myſtic Cottager. Seleft Stories,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, Female Conſtancy.
Edward, Madame d' Barneveli, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Forteſcue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benſon,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey,

Hiſtory, &c.

Waſhington's Letters, Volney's Ruins,
Campbell's Journey overland to India. Junius's Letters
Cowper's Tranſlation of Homer, American Spectator
Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldſmith's England,
Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts,
Johnſon's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude,
Goldſmith's Animated Nature, Thomſon's Seaſons
Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages,
Columbian Muſe, Godwin's Political Juſtice
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleaſing Inſtructor, The Hive
Milton's Works, A Father's Inſtructions, Meſſiah
Elegant Miſcellanies, Flowers of Hiſtory,
Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works,
Johnſon's Lives of the Poets,

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,
The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment. Imported and ſold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Tooth Powder, Roſe Lip Salve, Almond Powder, Four Thieves' Vinegar, Peruvian Tooth-ach Powder, elegant Fancy Combs for ladies head dreſſes, Oils of Jeſſamin and Violets warranted to make hair grow and prevent its falling, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for ladies and gentleman complete, Tortoiſe Shell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. &c.

N.B. A neat aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS and WREATHS, juſt received from London. 51 3m.

For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TRAVELS

In the interior Diſtricts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Aſſociation, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797---
By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

Printed and publiſhed by J. HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.